

624 P/45

719

Orange, &c.

IN THREE CANTOS.



IN THE CANON

O R A N G E:

A

K

POLITICAL RHAPSODY.

IN THREE CANTOS.

SEVENTH EDITION.



DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLIKEN, NO. 32, GRAFTON-STREET.

1798.



7

TO
JOHN CLAUDIUS BERESFORD, Esq.
REPRESENTATIVE IN PARLIAMENT
FOR THE
CITY OF DUBLIN,
A LOYAL PROTESTANT GENTLEMAN,
THIS COLLECTION

Is inscribed,

By his unknown but sincere Friend,

THE AUTHOR.

March 1, 1798.



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT is with much comfort and satisfaction that the writer of the notes upon this and the two former Cantos hereof, hath been relieved from the laborious duty of explaining the same, by the kindness of fundry eminent persons who have undertaken to observe thereon, by furnishing notes upon the difficult parts, together with dark passages, obscure hints, and unintelligible blunders, particularly my friend the Prime Serjeant, Dr. Kirwan, the Attorney General, and other distinguished personages.

G. F. jun.

Dublin, February 14, 1798.

ARTICLE I

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors in that State.

Section 3. The Senate shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof, for six Years; and each Senator shall have the Qualifications requisite for Senators in that State.

Section 4. The Times, Places and Manner of holding the Elections of Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by Law alter or add to the Rules and Regulations.

Section 5. The Congress shall assemble at least once in every Year, and such Meeting shall begin on the first Monday of December, unless they shall by Law provide otherwise.

Section 6. The Congress shall be held at the City of New York, until they shall have provided by Law for the Meeting Place.

Section 7. The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and provide for the common Defence and general Welfare of the United States; but all Excesses of Revenue not warranted by the foregoing shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States, and the Receipts of the said Treasury shall be deposited with the Clerk of the said Senate, to be paid out to the Treasurer of the said Senate, to be paid out to the Treasurer of the said Senate, to be paid out to the Treasurer of the said Senate.

Orange, &c.

CANTO I.

P.

WHY am I silent? Why in times like these,
 When Vice and Treason lord it as they please,
 When G——n every hour our ear assails
 With his mad grandfire's jacobitish tales,
 And, with forgotten slanders, seeks to draw 5
 Contempt upon the honours of Nassau.
 When *****^(c), blasted, black with every crime,
 The pimp, the cuckold, parasite and mime,
 Without one claim to worth or honour, tries
 A patriot on the vulgar voice to rise: 10

B

When

Line 4.] It is not to be supposed, as some have idly done, that this renowned orator had no grandfather. I remember him very well, a mad-jacobite parson, hanging upon the humours of Dean Swift, and feeding the spleen and weakness of that great genius. P. R.

Line 7. *****.] Who this means I am not able to guess; certainly no living character can deserve such attributes.——

When public virtue is not found to soar,
 Beyond such things as ~~Faulkner~~, T—e, and H—e.
 When conquering William's long establish'd fame,
 Sinks into rivalry with Grattan's name.—

In vain old Boyne beheld his silver flood 15
 Stain'd with commingled streams of kindred blood,
 In vain did Aughrim's wild and barren plain
 Tremble and groan beneath the heaps of slain;
 In vain did Limerick's now dismantled wall,
 See the last hopes of luckless Stuart fall. 20

Vain were the glories of La Hogue, and vain
 The countless blessings of three Georges' reign;
 Since fell DEMOCRACY, of Gallic birth,
 Roams from her native den to plague the earth;

And

Line 12.] ~~Faulkner~~, T—e, H—e. The first of these blanks is a real name, being intended to disguise a great man, who had a pretty smattering of oratory in the late parliament. What T—e means I am equally ignorant of; and as for the last, I am inclined to guess it should rhyme to soar.—George Faulkner, junior.

Lines 15, 17, 19, 21.] Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick, and La Hogue, are the names of Rivers in which great victories by land and sea were obtained by king William of glorious memory; he having been killed on a sorrel horse on his way to Kensington.—G. F. junior.

Line 22.] George I. II. III. of whose reigns a very impartial history hath been written with great virulence by Dr. Belsham, a presbyterian; and to be had at the printer's hereof.—Ditto.

And brutal **BIGOTRY** on Erin's shore, 25
 Hails her with savage yell and kindred roar,
 Demands her aid a fellow-fiend to save,
 And snatch expiring **POPERY** from the grave;
 To join, with frantic zeal, the mutual cause,
 And tear down William's church and William's
 laws. 30

F.

But why thus speak in allegoric trope?
 Mean you that France is bringing in the Pope?
 If so speak out, but oh! forbear to raise
 The false alarms of Titus Oates's days.

P.

No! though my soul the bigot race abhor, 35
 "I only slay them in the trade of War;"
 Nor like the Puritan's malignant race,
 Would I their lives with perjur'd blood-hounds
 chase;

For

[Line 25.] Erin was the old name of Ireland.—*Dr. Ledwich.*

[Line 34.] Titus Oates was a Jesuit, and turned clergyman for a reward which he got by prosecuting Lord Stafford and other popish priests.—
G. F. junior.

[Line 36.] "Tho' in the trade of War I have slain men,
 "Yet do I hold it very stuff o'the conscience
 "To do no contrived murder."

Shakespeare.

For Ruffel's memory rouses all my hate,
 While I deplore the gentle Stafford's fate ; 40
 And scorning Rome's infallible pretence,
 Can mourn with Pelham an afflicted Prince.

F.

Forbear, my friend, to tempt the dangerous theme ;
 Seek not, with puny strength to check the stream.
 Let not your venturous rashness idly dare 45
 The midnight vengeance of the *Union Star*.
 And tho' the raging Northern Star be set,
 Beware the fury of the Cork Gazette !

Malignant

Line 39.] Lord Ruffel, an ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, who was beheaded for high treason with several others of that loyal family.
G. F. junior

Line 40.] For the persecution of this innocent Nobleman, see *Hume's England*, vol. viii p. 112.

Line 42.] See Sir Hercules Langrishe's exultation upon the downfall of the Pope as a temporal Prince, and Mr Pelham's spirited rebuke. 5th May, 1795.

Line 46.] Will posterity believe, can our cotemporaries believe, that a publication is on foot in the city of Dublin, periodically devoting to the knives of the assassins a certain number of our fellow-subjects, obnoxious only for their loyalty ?—*Vide proclamation*.

Line 47.] The Northern Star during its existence, kept up in Ulster those commotions which ceased on its suppression.

Line 48.] The Cork Gazette is also expired.

Malignant Gilbert on your life will scowl,
 And vulgar Cooney raise the murderous howl. 50
 Think how unlucky Swift had cause to rue,
 At least as mad a protestant as you ;
 Nor hope for help ; will cautious Faulkner dare
 For one unknown, to wage the wordy war ?

P.

Alone, unaided, let me brave the field, 55
 Nor meanly to superior numbers yield.
 Arm'd with an honest pride, and patriot soul,
 Who shall my heart's indignant rage controul ?
 Since no malicious spleen directs the dart,
 Nor aims, like Swift, to rend a female heart. 60
 Let the whole tribe their troop of scribblers rally,
 From plodding Hardy down to Mac Anally,

Let

Line 49, 50.] The Evening and Morning Post. The former is conducted by a Madman, named Magee, contrary to law ; whose father-in-law, Mr. Gilbert, hath the trouble of doing all the mischief, and yet getteth none of the profits. The latter is very scurrilous, and hath been in the pillory.—G. *F. junior*

Line 53.] This is my Journal, and I hope, conducted with that due decorum for which myself, father and uncle have been famous long before my birth which took place on or about June, 1775.—*Ditto.*

Line 61.] Messrs. Hardy and Mac Anally, two counsellors and writers of speeches ; those composed by the former are spoken by that celebrated orator Mr. GRATTAN, who is an original Genius. Those made by the latter, are spoken by himself and other *Defenders* on their trials for high treason.—*Ditto.*

Let coxcomb Burroughs wield his fribble pen,
 And sulky Fletcher issue from his den,
 Curran and Hoare their kindred souls combine, 65
 And doubtful Sheridan their party join ;
 Tho' their discordant clamour rend the skies,
 A loyal PROTESTANT their rage defies.

F.

Why this is madness ! Protestant alone [70
 Would damn you quite ;—but, to defend the throne,
 'Tis mere insanity.—Farewell ! I'm sure
 You're either past or else not worth a cure.

P.

Farewell——Good Heav'n ! and do I see the time
 When loyalty is only not a crime !
 When the deep ORANGE and the azure BLUE, 75
 Conceal their blended dyes from public view ;
 When Nassau's memory, our great fathers boast,
 Lives only in a half forgotten toast ?—
 But tho' degenerate Irish, lost to shame,
 Should flight their great deliverer's sacred name, 80
 Shall

Line 63, et seq] DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bolinbroke,	—	Mr. BURROUGHS,
Somers,	—	FLETCHER,
Themistocles,	—	HOARE,
Sarsfield,	—	CURRAN,
Kimbolton ipse,	}	C. F. SHERIDAN.
Mute, &c. &c.		

Mem.—None of these shall appear on my boards.—*Fred. Jones.*

Shall they whose fathers shed with him their blood,
 By Schomberg led o'er Boyne's disputed flood;
 Who followed Callimote at glory's call,
 And saw their hated persecutors fall;
 Saw coward James the raging contest leave, 85
 While doubtful conquest struggled with the wave;
 Shall men whose fathers fill'd that gallant band,
 And shar'd their proud reward—the conquer'd land;
 Shall they, with keen, hot indignation hear
 Their prince the butt of every coxcomb's sneer? 90
 Or, with a guilty indolence retire,
 And view Sedition fan the rising fire?
 Shame on ye, Hugonots! your generous fires
 Resisted Popery ev'n amidst her fires:
 Tho' madly loyal, yet renounc'd their king, 95
 And all the joys their native land could bring,
 Firm to the pure religion they profess'd—
 Retaining that, they freely gave the rest:
 And shall their sons be meanly now supine,
 When the two glorious principles combine? 100
 When

Line 82 and 83.] Schomberg and Callimote, the generals of the French
 Protestants on the 1st of July, 1690, when they encouraged their troops
 to victory by such expressions as these,

"A la gloire mes enfans—a la gloire."

"Voilà vos persecuteurs."

Leland.

Line 93.] Hugonots, French Protestants so called, settled at Portarlington
 and other places by the revocation of the edict of Nantz.—G. F. junior.

When the same hearts that would their faith defend,
 Find in their sovereign its approved friend.
 All are not timid; see yon generous band,
 Whose manly spirit yet may save the land.
 True to the principles they dare pursue, 105
 Still twine the ORANGE with the loyal BLUE:
 And blend together in one glorious cause,
 Their King, Religion, Liberty and Laws.
 In vain shall Popery's malignant yell,
 In vain Democracy with voice of hell, 110
 And venal Orators—an hateful race,
 Arouse their curriish scribblers to the chase.
 Aloof the coward pack may howl and cry,
 This patriot band shall all their rage defy;
 And onward urging with unvarying toil, 115
 Shall save or perish on their native soil.
 Nor these alone the glorious cause support,
 Tho' now abandon'd by a cautious Court;
 That Court, whose timid policy descends
 To sooth its enemies, and slight its friends; 120
 And seeking in a prudent mean to steer,
 Make dubious friends—but enemies sincere.

Manly

[Line 103.] The Orange Lodges which bid fair to support the glorious
 revolution principles of religion and government in spite of the united
 assaults of Messrs. Grattan, Byrne, Kergh and Co.—P. R.

Manly and firm tho' CAMDEN guide the state,
 With honest pride and conscious worth elate,
 Still must each bold resolve delay to cool, 125
 In the chill prudence of the PORTLAND school.
 Tho' Foster's sense combine with vigorous Clare,
 Treason to daunt, and fell Sedition scare :
 Yet Popish L——e, or more Popish B——e,
 With insincerity their force shall drown, 130
 And, by divided councils weakly shew
 The State unable to contend with Keogh.

But see unshaken DUIGENAN boldly stand,
 And face with proud contempt the rebel band,
 While his strong truth the prudent senate awes, 135
 And forces even from Popery applause ;
 Unawed by dread, by interest unrestrain'd,
 He only seeks for fame by honour gain'd.

C

And

Line 129.] L——e. This gentleman is an ingenious poet and Baronet, being the author of Catholic Emancipation, and several copies of obscene verses, which he handeth about amongst the young Ladies of his acquaintance.—G. F. junior.

~~Bleu~~ *Bleu*. This Gentleman is not a Defender, neither doth he live in the county of Kildare ; he is a privy counsellor ; in parliament for the county of *May* ~~May~~ *May*.—*Ditto* *right Honble. Dennis Browne*

Line 131.] Doctor Duigenan insisteth that this is not rhyme, in as much as *few* and *lough* would not rhyme together ; which he saith is the true and natural pronunciation of the word Keogh.—*Ditto*.

And fix'd in principle, in truth sincere,
Stands unseduced by favour or by fear. 140

Tired and disgusted with the venal crew,
Too soon our Ogle from his post withdrew ;
His glowing heart, with patriot zeal inspir'd,
Too soon with honest indignation fir'd.
He turn'd, contemptuous, from the paltry tribe, 145
Whose soul is interest, and whose God a bribe !
And too unmindful of his country's call,
Abandon'd them and her to meet their fall.

On no one man depends our country's fate,
Tho' e'er so good, so noble and so great : 150
Does not the chartered fortress of our laws,
The proud Metropolis sustain her cause ?

Do

Line 142.] The right honourable George Ogle, who has, to the unspeakable loss of the protestant cause retired from parliament. The country which he represented has, however, as an handsome tribute to his spirit, elected a Protestant Gentleman to succeed him.—*P. R.*

Line 152.] The metropolis has from the beginning opposed the late ill-advised innovations. Their representative took the first opportunity in his power to insult and betray them. He privately solicited a re-election. which not being likely to befall him, he, like the Fox in the fable, affected to despise the object he could not hope to attain.—*P. R.*

Do not her loyal Citizens oppose
 At once their King's, and their religion's foes?
 Did not their justice spurn the base ingrate 155
 Who both insulted and betray'd their state?
 Did they not drive the viper to his hole,
 With his own venom to corrode his soul?
 Did they not drive him from the chearful light,
 An hateful reptile, odious to the sight? 160
 So did old Tredagh send her faithless swain
 To seek for seats beyond the western main.
 So did his——Hold! the dead demand repose:
 There let him rest, forgot by friends and foes.

Tho' Charlemont fast dropping from the stage, 165
 May trim or tremble, imbecile with age,
 His former steadiness our praise demands,
 When he restrain'd mad Ulster's furious bands.

When the sly Presbyter his weakness found, [170
 And saw how vain his strength the church to wound,
 With

Line 161.] *Tredagh.* The ancient name of Drogheda.

" Oft on a car Buvindus saw me ride

" From Tredagh's Towers along his verdant side."

Preston's Poems vol I p. 41.

Faithless swain.] The late J——F——s, Esq.

With native craft he fought a dear ally,
 Ev'n in the hated form of Popery ;
 Long have they labour'd with encreasing hate
 Each of the other, both against the state ;
 Ev'n yet they hope, from malice well combin'd, 175
 Their grand reward in anarchy to find.

To check this league did Charlemont stand forth,
 Great in his character of Patriot worth,
 Treason appall'd, shrunk from his awful eye,
 And Faction saw her dearest prospects die, 180
 Until, alas ! th' expiring spark was blown
 Into fresh fury by the breath of TONE.

Shade of Eliza, bending from the skies,
 Behold a Popish seminary rise !
 Behold even those upon your bounty fed, 185
 By fordid fear or fordid interest led,
 Worship the golden Idol of the day,
 And at his shrine their adoration pay ;

And

Line 177.] The answer of this venerable and Patriotic Nobleman to the Belfast address in 1784 delayed for nearly 8 years the combined assault of Papists and Presbyterians on the established church and constitution.—P. R.

And heedless of your glory or their own,
By Popish aliens represent the Gown. 190

But why on Alma waste an angry thought?
Have not our clergy the infection caught?
Have not the dirty tricks of party trade,
Plac'd on the reverend bench a RENEGADE?
Does not the Cumbrian Priest in strains uncouth, 195
Courting base Popery, flight the cause of Truth?
And do they hope their foes to reconcile,
By abject baseness and submission vile?
Liffey as soon his reflux waves shall turn 200
Back to the hills to seek their native urn;
Sooner Blaquiere shall scorn to seek a job,
Or Duigenan court applauses from a mob—
Loftus as soon, a sinking cause support—
Or Tommy Burgh declaim against the court—
Carhampton sooner fear the assassin's knife, 205
Or ~~Carr~~-~~n~~ vindicate his injur'd wife;
As soon shall ~~yet ever so~~ dispense the laws,
And free from passion fairly hear a cause;

Forbear

Line 190.] The College of Dublin, founded by that Protestant princess Elizabeth, returns two members to parliament; one of their own body who is a firm and loyal protestant, was lately rejected, and a person not even educated therein, but who had the merit of having always supported, and even outran the wishes of Popery, was returned. *Quod testor indignans.—P. D.*

Forbear to whimper at a Rebel's fate,
 Or crush a soldier with the law's whole weight ; 210
 George become savage ;—Downes a bribe receive—
 Or Chamberlaine refuse a short reprieve—
 Sooner Latouche at misery shall rejoice,
 Or Toler hate the sound of his own voice ;—
 Than Popery shall a Protestant forgive, 215
 Or suffer subject heretics to live.—

Oh ! souls of Butler, Knipe and Hamilton,
 Where is our pity for your sufferings gone ?
 Where that proud feeling of indignant rage, [220
 Which endless war should on your murderers wage ?
 It sinks and chills to cold and prudent fear,
 Politeness would not shock a murderer's ear,
 And policy, so gentle, condescends
 To treat with murderers as our worthy friends.

But tho' the MANY by Sedition led, 225
 May turn and tear the hand that gives them bread,
 Let

Line 213.] That most excellent woman Mrs. P. Latouche, whose charities, extensive as they are, are too limited for her benevolent heart.

Line 220.] It hath of late been much the practice with protestant Clergymen, to get themselves murdered in order to obtain a provision for their wives and families. This, a very sensible person a Roman Catholic, hath assured me was the case with the above three gentlemen, the first of whom was a Bachelor.—*G. F. junior.*

Let not our indiscriminating hate,
 Class the whole sect as hostile to the state ;
 Where gentle blood or learning's gentler power,
 Have smiled auspicious on the natal hour, 230
 Kenmare or Bellew, bold in ancient pride,
 May stem Sedition in her wildest tide ;
 Moylan or Troy, with christian eloquence,
 May sooth the madding multitude to sense : [235
 And tho' Back-lane should wield the theat'ning rod,
 Teach the wild herd to love their King and God.

No ! 'tis the rancour of a bigot mind,
 With traitorous democracy combin'd,
 Such as in Hufsey's *pastoral* is seen,
 Offspring of malice, virulence and spleen ; 240
 Such as the vulgar crew were glad to vent,
 In their disloyal Back-lane parliament ;
 Such as while treason last approach'd the throne,
 Dropped from the pen of Secretary TONE :

Such

Lin 239.] Dr. Hufsey titular bishop of Waterford, who hath lately written a very pretty *pastoral* in prose, entitled an address to his Clergy, in which amongst other things, he clearly proveth, that the Roman Catholic Religion is fitter for a republic than a monarchy.—*G. F. junior.*

Line 244.] Mr. TONE secretary to the Popish Committee, and now *supposed* to be an exile in America. He was the original mover of sedition in
 Ireland

Such as in Francis-street was heard to flow 245
 From Byrne and Broughall, Lewines, Burke and
 Keogh.

'Tis this excites mine anger—this my soul
 Would lash from earth to hell—from pole to pole.
 Nor shall unmanly fear my soul dismay—
 No! let me drag the monsters into day; 250
 My much-lov'd brethren of their danger warn,
 And bigot treason hold to public scorn.

Why fear? in conscious rectitude secure,
 Unplac'd, yet loyal—tho' not noble, pure.
 Tho' far from rich, of independent mind, 255
 And tho' not shrewd, not obstinately blind.
 Why should I fear? their Union-star may rage,
 And with malignant guessings fill the page;
 Unknown to all my name obscure shall rest,
 Lock'd in the secrets of my single breast. 260
 But if my sacrifice could serve the cause,
 My King,—religion, or my Country's laws,

The

Ireland under the auspices of Napper Tandy. He was engaged in Jackson's treason, and the Popish affairs at the same time, and offered to carry information from this country to France, provided he were well paid for his trip to England with the Delegates. An unexampled lenity suffered him to escape justice; a lenity which there is too much reason to fear may yet prove to have been very mischievous to this Kingdom.—P. R.

5
The self-devoted Decii's frantic deed,
The madman Curtius, or his madder steed,
Behind me far in history's page should fall,
And my prompt sacrifice outdo them all :
Popish sedition would I still defy,
And as I live—a loyal ORANGE die.

END OF CANTO I.

D

Orange, &c.



C A N T O II.

Orange, Cal.

С А И Т О И

Orange, &c.

CANTO II.

TIME was—nor far removed that happy time,
When Erin's muse could pour the sportive rhyme,
When

Orange.] I have been informed by the public, and my friends in general, that notwithstanding the precision, circumspection, accuracy, and learning of my notes upon this poem, this being the second canto, which, according to the immortal Hudibras, is the second book—I have overlooked and forgotten to explain the signification of the title, which, as I am told, is the principal part of a work: My late uncle having been always remarkable as a writer of titles, which he did to Swift's works, Pope's Homer, Plutarch's lives, and other poets of the last age, in a style of superior learning and elegance, of which the above is a specimen. Orange is the name of a pleasant fruit which groweth in Spain, and is therefore called a China Orange, which are sold on Effex-bridge and the Coal-quay, to the great annoyance of foot passengers, and others who ride along those streets, by slipping of horses upon the skins or peels thereof—of which the Paving Board, Lord Mayor, Apple-women, Sheriffs and other Magistrates, ought to be particularly careful, as well as accidents which happen by the over-driving of bullocks and other enormities. Orange is also the name of a colour, a principality in France, and the Stadtholder of Holland, who was formerly King William the III. of glorious and immortal memory, G. F.

When Twiss or Manly raised the frequent smile,
 Strutting in borrowed splendor round our isle ;
 When at a coxcomb, proud in self-conceit, 5
 Satire could laugh, while wisdom did not hate :
 Then no dark politics—our day's disgrace,
 Mantled the brow or gloomed the surly face—
 Then social ease relaxed our cares to rest,
 Nor feared a dagger in each neighbour's breast : 10
 Thoughtless of harm the peaceful rustic slept,
 And women at old tales of murder wept.
 Oft as the Sabbath closed the weekly toil,
 The chearful village brightened with a smile,
 The ruddy damsel met her sun-burnt swain, 15
 To lead the dancers on the neighbouring plain—
 The scenes of Auburn rose confessed to view,
 And our sweet bard his glowing picture drew.

How

Line 3.] Richard Twiss, Esq. F. R. S. &c. &c. a notorious traveller
 into foreign parts, in particular Swadlinbår, Waterford, Spain, and the
 Obelisk in Stillorgan-park : He hath a very lively genius, having been
 several times kicked and tweaked by the nose, for his brilliant fallies in de-
 rogation of this country, while he was hospitably entertained therein. He
 declined travelling into Connaught and the barony of Forth, those pro-
 vinces being remarkable for hospitality and other savage customs ; but was
 roughly handled, clawed and bitten by one of those barbarians in a coffee-
 house in London. Mr. Twiss hath, however, outlived the ingratitude of
 his enemies, whom he had so grossly injured, and his resemblance placed
 in a certain utensil ; for which he went in the most public spirited manner

to

How changed the Scene—distrust and scowling
 gloom,
 Flag with murk influence thro' the social room ;
 The joke, the pun, the sprightly song no more,
 Set all the thoughtless table in a roar—
 Affrighted Comus flies the madding scene,
 And leaves mankind to politics and spleen.
 No more the sportive muse of Murcia's plains, 25
 Inspires her Preston's wit and attic strains—
 No more do Jephson's sneer or Courtney's jibe,
 Relax the muscles of the festive tribe—

No

to Paris, to see the execution of the late King Louis XVI. with which, and a new species of thistle, he returned safe to his native country, to the great embellishment of the arts and sciences.

Manly,] v. Preston's epistle.

Line 26.] Preston. This gentleman hath written several works and poems, which he hath most patriotically printed by subscription, on the best Dutch paper and type, for the public benefit—the same being enriched with sundry engravings and other embellishments, which are of great service towards the understanding thereof.

Line 27.] Mr. Jephson hath writen many humourous pieces, particularly the Count of Narbonne, Braganza, and other tragedies : He hath of late turned Plutarch's lives into verse, from the Greek, which he called Roman portraits, together with the history of Cleopatra—and is now engaged in writing a comedy upon the sad events which happened in France—from which, the Lord of his infinite mercy, preserve us.

Mr.

No more Fitzgerald's academic muse,
 Unbends from toil to brush the mountain dews? 30
 Even he, whose talents sway the admiring bar,
 Or in the senate wield resistless war ;
 Whose daring muse to glory might aspire,
 Restrains her soaring flight and ardent fire—
 And anxious only gainful pleas to draw, 35
 Plods the dull round of politics and law.
 While classic Preston seeks a living tomb,
 The inglorious idol of a news club-room—
 Listless of fame, or quite content to gain,
 The vapid incense of Jos. Edkin's brain : 40
 While

Mr. Courtenay is also a descendant of the late Emperor of Constantinople, and author of many smart and biting farcisms, parliamentary speeches and other poetic pieces.

Line 29.] Fitzgerald. The Rev. Gerald Fitzgerald, F. T. C. D. and D. D. author of the *Academic Sportsman*, a pastoral, in verse ; in which there is a poetical description of the Black Mountain, the River Dodder, and other artificial curiosities near Dublin—and a treatise on the Hebrew language, in support of the Revelations.

Line 31.] This gentleman, as I am told, means Counsellor Charles Bushe M. P. for the borough of Callan, and pupil of Mr. Samuel Whyte, at the English Grammar School No. 75, Grafton-street.

Line 40.] Jos. Edkin. Keeper of the Dublin Library Society, Boydell's Shakespeare, Capt. Thomas Cunningham, and other curiosities.—This gentleman is an author of good reputation, having, with laudable industry and flagrant zeal made a collection of poems, by Mr. Charles Fox, Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Gilbourne, Mr. Tickell, Mrs. Battiere and other celebrated geniuses.

While Alma's muse, through Learnings thorny
road,

Leads the meek champion of the christian God.

Even Courtney prostitutes a noble name,

In the rank stews of democratic shame ;

And Jephson grown of sober dullness vain, 45

Plods in the drowsy biographic train.

No more are rural peace and comfort found,

But ruin, rage and riot stalk around ;

The wakeful village scorning honest toil,

Sends forth the murderous band to nightly spoil, 50

With Drennan's lies and maudlin whiskey warm,

To rob and slaughter, to procure reform.

Alike green youth and unresisting age,

Yield up their lives to their infuriate rage ;

E

Not

The Captain is an ornament to his Majesty's navy, having lost several of his Majesty's cruisers with great credit, against Jack the Batchelor, the Town of Rush, the Black Joke, and other notorious pirates—from which he has now retired upon his pension, and enjoys his otium cum dignitate (as my Lord Cloncurry saith) in an arm chair in said room, which he useth for the purpose of censuring his Majesty's person and government, with great spirit and loyalty, as he is in duty bound having all his support from the bounty thereof.

Line 51.] A very loyal Doctor of Physic, he having been acquitted and turned out of court, for publishing a treasonable libel; in which being a little man and of weak stature, he calleth upon the Volunteers to help him in overturning his Majesty's person and government.

Line

Not sacred robes their impious hands restrain, 55
And shrieking beauty pleads for life in vain.

With idiot apathy we hear their cries,
Hear their deep groans in sad succession rise ;
Like the blood-boltered Banquo's train they come,
And stalk in grim procession to the tomb— 60

With wonder crazed, with fear and doubt perplexed,

We hardly rouse to ask—" Who falls the next ?"

'Tis fell democracy, whose furious hand
Stabs at the vital honour of our land,
Tears every infant virtue from the foil, 65
And fills our fields with turbulence and broil ;
Bids man, unthinking of life's puny span,
Raise his mad arm to murder fellow man.

Alas ! how short our little lease at best,
How soon the busiest sink to endless rest ; 70
Even while we speak, while Satire pours her strain,
Who sees not life and life's enjoyments vain ?—

Sees

Line 69.] The shortness of our lives hath employed the ablest divines, mathematicians, philosophers and notaries public.—My ever honoured uncle who lived to a good old age, used often to deplore that accident ; and it is accordingly engraved on his tomb-stone in the Cabbage-garden. The French Republic, considering this circumstance, very properly endeavoured to check the progress of this alarming evil, by a decree, that death is eter-

nal

Sees not young Beresford in fortune's bloom,
 Leave all his happiness to seek the tomb ?
 Prudent, yet bold, in all the fire of youth, 75
 The soul of honour, loyalty and truth.
 Dear to an honoured father as his life,
 The doating husband of a lovely wife ;
 A beauteous offspring rising to his view,
 His worth to learn and his fair course pursue. 80
 Who does not grieve to see him rudely torn,
 From his young honours won, but scarcely worn ?
 One day to see him loyal, proud and brave,
 The next the tenant of an early grave :
 Even democrats bestow the unwilling tear, 85
 And satire weeps o'er his untimely bier—

But ill with Satire suits th' elegiac strain,
 And worth, like his, alas ! is mourned in vain.
 No ! let me cry against the coming storm,
 Raised by rebellion's talisman Reform— 90
 With Satire's rod conduct the electric fire,
 And guide destruction to its native mire :

To

nal sleep, which giveth universal satisfaction to the the late Crossie Morgell,
 Lord Mountmorres, and others who expect to die a violent death.

Line 90.] Talisman. For the nature and use of this instrument see the
 Arabian Nights Entertainment, a book of much sound morality and magi-
 cal

To seek out treason in her dark retreat,
While on the bolt detection rides with fate.

Oh! blind to truth, by factious rage misled, 95
Regardless of the dreadful path ye tread—
Who fierce and turbulent are borne along,
The loudest furies of the clamorous throng.
Why join this drunken democratic rage?
Why on yourselves relentless warfare wage? 100
Why trample thus into the swinish mire,
All that ambitious avarice can desire?

Birth,

cal knowledge—it is much used in the Court of Exchequer, and other places, to signify a necromancer's wand—a brass plate, with strange figures engraved thereon—together with a person who attends for the public good, to be sworn on juries, for which he receiveth the sum of one shilling sterling.

Line 99.] Democracy signifieth the Liberty mob, and other rioters, for the cause of patriotism, which is usually intoxicated with whiskey and other unwholesome beverages, to the great detriment of the revenue and the Post-office in College-green, where several nefarious drunkards daily are assembled, to the annoyance of the Lord Mayor, the Parliament-house, King William on horseback, and other valuable members of society, in their perambulations through this city.

Line 101.] The state of filth and nastiness in which the streets of Dublin remain, in spite of the observations of my Journal upon the Lighting Commissioners, is a matter of national reproach to all foreigners and other noblemen who visit the same: In particular, Father O'Leary
used

Birth, fortune, honour, influence to command,
And talents to sustain your native land.

There was a time when peevish spleen might
dare 105
To spurn a Viceroy or resign a chair,
Then, whether Pery ruled the wild debate,
Or the proud Ponsonbies controuled the state,

The

used to remark in his facetious manner, that the Irish were like swine, who loved to roll themselves in the mire—with divers witty speeches thereon.

[Line 108.] The family of Ponsonby is very ancient, having been in good repute before the invention of ivory combs, as appeareth from their coat of arms, the same being three rack combs. This invention having been of great service to the people of this unhappy country, they being obliged to wear shirts and mantles dyed in saffron, to destroy said vermin—this family became of great rank and consequence accordingly, and did therefore strive to prevent his Excellency, Lord Viscount Townshend, to be Viceroy thereof, who is now made a Marquis, by resigning the office of Speaker of the House of Commons, in order to vex said Nobleman; and failing therein, and being desirous to advance the public good, did retire from the administration, and enter into opposition, from which they have made divers ineffectual attempts to escape, proving that bad company leadeth men into ill accidents and misadventures.—The hopes of this family are the said Speaker, who is dead—the Right Hon. W. P.—Denis Bowes Daly and George Ponsonby, Esq. of which several facetious stories are told, in particular their wishing that they might leave this country as

soon

The nation smiled upon the paltry broil,
And throve beneath their emulating toil. 110

But now, when Treason lifts her form on high,
Her feet in hell, her head amidst the sky—
When the same fury which assails your king,
Must on your heads the same destruction bring—
When the same tide that sweeps o'er all the
realm, 115

The coronet of Besborough must o'erwhelm.
Why will you Ponsonbies, your name degrade,
The mean retailers of a party trade?
Must you in mischief seek malignant joy,
And, where you cannot rule, must you de-
stroy? 120

Or do you hope to shun the evil hour,
And be the last whom faction shall devour?
Vain, empty hope!—that Popery shall forget
To pay her foes the long recorded debt.
Can she forget the wish which would debase 125
To hopeless toil, her superstitious race?

Can

soon as it should be infested with their Roman Catholic brethren, and other
odd and laughable relations.

Can she forget the said oppressive hour,
 Which saw ye rule with all but regal power?
 Can she forget the pride which spurned the land,
 In which a Papist could obtain command? 130
 Or is Democracy become so tame,
 To bend with reverence to an ancient name?
 Will she forgive, in humble gratitude,
 The in born guiltiness of noble blood?
 (See wretched Orleans die unwept, unloved, 135
 The victim of the power himself had moved.)
 Think ye that hour their cherished hatred ends?
 In which your policy has made you friends?
 If so, rush on, pursue your wild career,
 And never stop until ye must despair. 140

While thus at random strays the adventurous
 muse,
 And now a feather, now a shade pursues—
 High through the vast expanse of æther borne,
 A flaming brand from Discord's altar torn;
 By the mad hand of Mendax hurled on high, 145
 Glares with terrific omen thro' the sky:—
 Avert, good heaven, the parricidal fire,
 And e'er they reach us bid the flames expire.

And

And is the fun of noble Hastings set,
 And fail the honours of Plantagenet, 150
 That thus a mean adventurer's doubtful race,
 Their line can fully and their fame deface?—
 No! their proud shades this mountebank disclaim,
 This poor pretender to their ancient name—
 This shrivelled, stalking, parchment pedigree, 155
 This barren, boastful genealogic tree—
 This learned professor of the puffing art,
 This very Packwood of his own desert—
 This talking General, this vaunting Peer,
 In words tremendous and in frown severe— 160
 This state quack Doctor, whose eternal theme,
 Like modest Brodum, is his own great name—

Whose

Line 150.] There were several gentlemen of this name Kings and Queens of England, from the time of King Henry II. to that of Queen Elizabeth and King James, when the Stuarts came in, from whom the late Earl of Moira was lineally descended, in as much as his wife was great, great, great, great grand-daughter of a natural son of the Duke of Clarence, who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey Madeira—being fond of that liquor, which, next after claret, is in great esteem, and therefore desirable to be drowned therein, as a warning to all drunkards and other debauchees, who ruin themselves by drinking ale, whiskey and ardent spirits, distilled from the wholesome fruits of the earth, which being ground, might be turned into barley bread, an excellent food for working people. This Duke of Clarence was brother of Edward the IVth. King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. God save the King!

Whose first attention for his country's health,
 Is to withdraw her too abundant wealth—
 And when the burning fever rages high,
 When most his skill is wanted—then to fly;
 No! these proud shades reject the dire disgrace,
 And spurn his banner from their gallant race—
 While on the fields of sad Columbia's shore,
 Still red with indiscriminated gore, 170
 A thousand wailing ghosts his savage hand de-
 plores: }
 All gracious heaven! from this unhappy land,
 Avert the influence of that savage hand.

If, than all others, any one be worse,
 Perverted talents are the greatest curse. 175
 See that pure wit, which virtue might adorn,
 By so depraved a wretch as ***** borne—
 See lettered Eunomus forsake the bar,
 To plot in dark debate, domestic war—
 See half mankind the bonds of reason break, 180
 They all are orators, they all must speak;

F

Learned

Line 178.] This is a Greek noun, used to signify a barrister in the Four Courts of Areopagus, a city of Attica; and, according to this verse quarrelleth with his servants, wife, &c. at home, to which he is much addicted—instead of minding his briefs in the King's Bench, Westminster Hall, the Tholsel Court, &c. &c.

Learned and unlearned alike, the stammering
 fool,
 The grave Archbishop, and the child at school,
 All loud, all dull, all eloquent by rule.

'Tis to this passion of our doating age 185
 We owe the sweets of democratic rage.
 The grocer's boy in rhetoric retails,
 And trope and figure trim the butcher's scales ;
 While words oft heard, but never understood,
 Sail proudly down the oratorial flood. 190
 EMANCIPATION—word of magic sound,
 Swims with REFORM, in mystery profound ;
 Th' astonished hearer, wrapt in wonder, stands,
 And most admires, when least he understands.

When

Line 191.] Emancipation is a Latin word, used by the ancient Romans, to signify the giving a discharge to a foot-man, butler, maid of all work, groom or other servant, which was done by a blow on the head ; for the false giving whereof an Act of Parliament hath been lately made, it being a public grievance and great trouble, that persons who were drunken, idle and saucy, were discharged with good characters, of which the legislature hath taken notice.

Line 192.] Reform—a French word, signifying the restoring of a thing to its true sense ; and is therefore applied in all political debates, when it cannot be known what is the true sense thereof.

When Parsons, of a little learning vain, 195
 To Erin leads his Argonautic train,
 And many a page of learned nonsense fills,
 Their ship to drag o'er steep Sarmatian hills;
 His harmless folly raises but a smile,
 And kind good nature might applaud his toil; 200
 But when he professes most profoundly deep,
 And o'er the senate waves the wand of sleep,
 Himself to perfect apathy refined,
 Freezing the ardour of each generous mind;
 And while he draws in one continuous hum, 205
 Who does not wish all Baronets were dumb?

In vain for food our orators would cry,
 Did not the PRESS a daily fund supply—
 Did not new grievances, and doubts, and fears,
 With every post, assail their raptured ears— 210

Did

Line 195.] Sir Laurence Parsons, Bart. hath lately written a book, proving that the Argonauts and other circumnavigators, under the command of Jason, did navigate into Ireland, to obtain the golden fleece, the Giant's Causeway, St. Patrick's Purgatory, and other natural curiosities, wherewith said island abounds; and being fatigued rowing, did take the ship Argo upon their shoulders, over the hills of Transilvania, to the port of Riga, from whence this country doth annually import large quantities of hemp, balk, deer's tongues, pitch, furs and other commodities, which would grow in this island under proper encouragement:—He is also heir-apparent to the barony of Oxmantown, near the Blue Coat Hospital.

Did not incessant falsehood swell the page,
 With blood and slaughter, perfidy and rage;
 An atheist lecture, or a simple plan,
 To rob and murder for the Rights of Man—
 With many a barbed fang and venom'd dart, 215
 To plunge and rankle in the guiltless heart.

Could worth or fortitude protect Clonmell,
 When on his head the shafts of slander fell?
 Though scattered by a madman's hand they came,
 Did they not settle with too certain aim, 220 }
 And to the centre shake his honest fame?

When Westmoreland, with too unthrifty hand,
 Diffused his Sovereign's favours thro' the land;
 'Till his beneficence outran desire,
 And importunity began to tire— 225
 Did not fell popery and her bigot brood,
 With slander pay the debt of gratitude?

Who can be safe, while slander thus can roam,
 And stab her victim in his peaceful home?
 And while he shuns the rankling wound in vain, 230
 Smiles with malignant pleasure on his pain.
 Is there one vice or weakness which your mind
 Abhors the most, to which 'tis least inclined?—

That

That vice or weakness on your name is hurled,
 And brands your honour to a slanderous world. 235
 Does spotless birth support your honest pride?
 Your mother in a brothel shall have died.
 Does conscious courage swell your ardent breast?
 A thousand lies your cowardice attest.
 Have you drank deep of learning's sacred
 spring?

The name of *dunce* in every ear shall ring
 Thus Cooke is ignorant and raw from school,
 And Cuffe a generous unsuspecting fool—
 An horsewhipped coward, Barrington appears,
 And perjured Ogle loses both his ears— 245
 Dishonesty assails Latouche's fame,
 And insolence is joined with Enniskillen's name.

But at the shrine of Faction bend the knee,
 Adore the fiend of hell—Democracy :
 Obscene as Griffith, blasphemous as Dodd, 250
 Renounce your Saviour and abjure your God.

In

Line 241.] A *dunce* is a blockhead, of which there be several kinds, in particular the late Mr. Pope handleth them with great severity, in his excellent poem called after them, *THE DUNCIAD*—in which several of the greatest wits of his time are accordingly reviled, under the type of diving into Fleet ditch, and other scandalous libels.

Line 250.] Amyas Griffith, an author well known for his patriotism
 and

In guilt impartial, friends and foes betray,
 And let your vices blaze in open day ;
 Then every Journal with your praise shall ring,
 The PRESS your endless eulogies shall sing— 255
 Your glorious name in every page shall stand,
 The purest patriot of a suffering land—
 And should your crimes the sleeping laws provoke,
 You shall have speeches which you never spoke—
 Shall have this cordial comfort while you swing, 260
 That countless traitors from your blood shall
 spring—
 Eternal elegies shall sing your name,
 Eternal affidavits shall enflame,
 Shall fix your sterling guilt and prove your well
 earn'd fame.

Thus

and crooked legs—also of several tracks written upon himself, with great
 taste and modesty—also Inspector General of Ulster, which he lost by em-
 ploying the influence of corruption, in the cause of independence, as appear-
 eth upon the glass windows of all the inns in Ireland—also Mrs. Leeson's
 Memoirs, written by herself, alias Peg Plunket, after her death, in which
 are introduced many diverting jokes upon said Griffith's legs, the christian
 religion, the holy state of matrimony, and other curious subjects.

Same line.] Dr James Solas Dodd, a person of great learning, he never
 having been hanged at Tyburn, but his name-fake, Dr. William Dodd,
 for forgery, in 1775 ; he not having left a portrait of himself, Dr. J. S.
 Dodd very obligingly sat for his picture, in order to gratify and improve the
 public, for which purpose he hath lately translated the Pilgrim's Progress
 into blank verse, to the great advancement of religion and piety.

Line

Thus, to inglorious industry resigned, 265
 Too paltry for his high aspiring mind,
 Might farmer Orr have run his humble race,
 And never chang'd, or wish to change his place—
 But strong persuasion flowed from Grattan's tongue,
 And Orr believed—grew indiscreet—and hung : 270
 Had not fierce Calvin steeled his stubborn soul,
 Had he acknowledged holy Rome's controul,
 Rome might have canonized his sacred name,
 And given a rival to St. Sheehy's fame.

Nor

Line 267.] William Orr, of Farranshane, County of Antrim, farmer, who, to the great astonishment of himself and the public, was found guilty and hanged by a jury of said county, which was to be particularly lamented, in as much as heretofore an honest and independent humour had prevented them from convicting any person being a Defender or concerned in High Treason—well knowing that if they did so, their haggards would be consumed, their own throats cut, their houses set on fire, and their poultry put to an ignominious death—which said considerations should have justly prevented their finding Mr. Orr guilty of the crime he had committed, he being a man of a comely stature, considerable influence in the country, and six feet high in his stockings—of which an extensive manufactory is carried on at Connemara, in the County of Clare, equally wholesome, soft and delightful as Spanish-wool, or any other skins imported by the furriers.

Line 274.] Dr. Nicholas Sheehy, parish priest of Clogheen, a reputable Village in the County of Tipperary, in the diocese of Dr. Hufley, titular Bishop of Waterford, who was hanged about the year of our Lord A. D. 1769, for obeying the first law of nature, self-defence, in the wilful murder
 of

Nor is this all—but to your wondering eyes, 275
Your coward vices into virtues rise.

Has, like O——r's, your unshrinking back,
With patience borne an horfewhip's fierce attack?

Have

of John Bridge, being suspected of intending to inform against the White-boys of said parish—for which said Sheehy was cannonized by the Pope, and his bones are prayed unto accordingly, to the edification of devout persons, who are thereby excited unto a noble patriotism against informers, and a proper-hatred of all governments.

Line 277.] An ingenious friend, also a General Officer, and a member of the Royal Irish Academy, hath favoured me with the following observation hereon :—

“ In my last work, which makes the four hundred and seventy-fifth volume of my writings upon Irish-Indico-Phœnician Antiquities, I have proved decisively, that the Latin and Hindoo names for Ireland are exactly the same : The words *Suvarna dwip* in the latter, requiring very little flexion to render it into *Hibernia insula*, as is apparent by reflecting, that five letters in eleven syllables is no common degree of coincidence.

The word which is deficient in the verse above, is only to be discovered by the initial and final letters O*****r. O is a very usual prefixure of Irish surnames ; the name is, therefore, necessarily Irish ;—but what name, farther remains to be discovered—Zoroaster King of Bactria, was an Indian or Persian legislator of great renown (vid Orosium, Plinium, Justinum, Clementem in Itiner : & Antonin, tom 1, tit 2, cap 12.) : the letter Z is not to be found in the Irish alphabet ; Taking it away, we have the word Oroaster perfectly suiting the initial and final letters in this instance ; but here another consideration arises, that of metrical accuracy :—To be candid, Oroaster cannot be read in the line as it stands, and though the proverbial mildness

Have you, like him, obeyed your captive nose ?
 To manly fortitude your meanness grows— 280
 Have you renounced the robes you would disgrace,
 And stripped the sordid ulcers of your race ?
 Unbounded praise shall fill your fated ear,
 And nature's nobles hail their brother peer—

G

Even

mildness of the Hindoos might well accord with the character here described, it would be difficult to reconcile this incongruity, had I not in my last journey to *Kilmacumshaugb* discovered a most valuable and venerable tradition by which Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught is said, "to have come to Ireland from the rising sun;" obviously the East, *Oriens*:—now it is plain that the words Oroaster and Oconnor begin and terminate with the same letters, it is only requisite to turn *Oro* into *Ocon.* and *aster* into *ner* and the names become exactly the same. Thus we see that the Zoroaster the Magician, Wizard, Conjurer, Warlock, Sorcerer, and Soothsayer, was no other than Roderic O'Connor, King of Connaught—It is remarkable too that the sect of Guebres or worshippers of fire, which he founded, is yet extant in the province of Connaught, inasmuch that the inhabitants are called *fire eaters*, from an idle supposition of the uninformed, that as they worship, so they must eat fire.

Thus is my favourite doctrine of an ancient oriental connection finely supported, and an useful hint thrown out for future antiquarians.

I cannot take leave of my reader without mentioning that in my next work, I hope to prove with equal clearness that Porus, King of India, was a first cousin, if not half brother to *Eogain Ceanfcalach More*, King of Leinster and Prince of Breffany.

E. V.

Even Democrats, thro' this distorted eye, 285
 Can wisdom in an idiot Duke descry—
 Or heedless of the book-learned critic's sneer,
 Can see a second Sappho in B——,
 Devoting to the sacred rights of *men*,
 A nauseous person and a ribald pen— 290
 While her pure sympathetic love adorns,
 With many a wreath obscene, her C*****'s horns.

There was a time when Innocence could dare,
 The wildest ravings of the PRESS to bear;
 Calm in a spotless heart, could chearly smile, 295
 And hear a madman or a fool revile:
 Sure, when revolving years had rolled away,
 To see the falsehood stand exposed to day—
 The lie refuted, cleared her injured fame,
 As precious metals purify by flame.
 But in these times, when leagued with murder foul,
 Democracy and maniac slander prowl—
 When greedy for the hapless victim's life,
 Malignant falsehood whets th' assassin's knife—
 Enjoys the victim writhing in his smart, 305
 And tears, with bloody fangs, his quivering heart—
 The wife may tremble, and the brave may fear,
 And even the honest dare not be sincere.

True !

True! we have laws, but in these wayward times,
 To seek their shelter is the worst of crimes— 310
 Direct their thunder, lay one ruffian low,
 And at his heels a thousand ruffians grow;
 Instructed mobs shall hoot and hiss by rote,
 And screaming slander strain a ten-fold throat—
 Then vulgar obloquy shall hunt you down, 315
 And chace your name through all the envious town.
 Your hollow friends support the general league,
 And lukewarm prudence dreads you as the
 plague—
 You walk in solitude the crowded street,
 And cautious wealth avoids you when you
 meet. 320

But, bounteous heaven, to our enraptured eyes,
 Bids better hopes and brighter prospects rise—
 The polar star in purest glory streams,
 The BLUE and ORANGE blended in his beams—
 From DERRY's sacred walls the ray divine, 325
 Directs our feet to freedom's holy shrine—
 Shews us the blood be-spotted course to shun,
 Where Gallia's comet her mad race has run;

And

Line 325.] V. the Derry address, December, 1797.

P. R.

And while we tread in pure religion's road,
 Our King to honour, and to fear our God. 220
 Yes! the descendants of that gallant band,
 Who once did save—again shall save the land—
 In vain sedition lifts the maniac cry,
 And recreant Whigs our liberties deny—
 ***** in vain, with patriot fury wild, 335
 May daunt a witness or confound a child—
 In vain Cathegus plot in dark debate,
 To screen a murder or destroy the state—
 In vain shall Gallia pour her desperate hordes,
 To rush infatuate on our Yeomen's swords. 340
 Since Loyalty from Derry's sacred walls,
 The patriot Protestants of Erin calls ;
 Bids us remember gallant Murray's name,
 And emulate intrepid Walker's fame—
 Bids us, like them, defend our faith and laws, 345
 Or fall the martyrs of the glorious cause.

Line 334.] All the arguments of the WHIGS, on the 5th of May, 1795,
 went to prove that the Bill of Rights, *is not, never was, and ought not to be*
 the law of Ireland.

“ *Heu quam mutati !* ”

“ How much unlike their patriot fires of old.”

P. R.

END OF CANTO II.

Orange, &c.

C A N T O III.

And the same day I received from
the same person a letter dated
the 10th of the same month.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

It was a letter from the same
person to the same person, and
it was a letter of the same date.

Orange, &c.

C A N T O III.

OH! for the verse that roused the Spartan fire,
 When old Tyrtæus swept the living lyre,
 That led, to glory led, his gallant band,
 To fight and conquer on their native land :
 As did his strains their patriot souls inflame, 5
 When he adjured them by their father's fame ;
 By their affection to their chearful homes,
 The piety that reared their sacred domes ;

And

Line 2.] Tyrtæus was a Grecian poet and General, remarkable for making heroic songs, and being lame of a leg, which he sung to his soldiers that they might despise wounds, death, bruises, enemies, and other accidents which they did accordingly in several battles therewith.—N. B. The ballads of Chevy Chase, Death and the Lady; and the Babes of the Wood, are of this kind, being apt to stir up anger and other noble passions, and therefore proper to be sung by soldiers.

Line 8.] Domes are the tops of churches, and may be seen to the Royal Exchange, the Round Church, St. Peter's at Rome, the New Custom-house, St. Paul's London, and the New Four Courts on the Inn's-quay, and are properly said to be erected by the piety of well-disposed persons. in donations made after their decease, by will and otherwise.

And that spontaneous loyalty that clings
 Like filial duty, round paternal Kings. 10
 So should my verse, though humbler be its flight,
 Arouse the sons of ERIN to the fight ;
 Should bid the Royal standard float unfurled,
 And scare sedition from the harrassed world ;
 Should bid our gallant Protestants advance, 15
 To crush domestic Treason leagued with France :
 With dauntless minds to hear the frantic yell,
 By Dæmons bellowed from their Gallic hell,
 And, heedless of the diabolic roar,
 Stand the firm champions of their native shore. 20
 Then should my muse record their father's fame,
 And dwell with rapture on each glorious name,
 Should turn their eyes to Enniskillen's walls,
 Or where the patriot voice of Derry calls.
 To proud Athlone, where Shannon's whelming
 wave, 25
 Has been before the French invaders grave,
 Should catch new spirit from old Aughrim's plain,
 And thus inspired attempt the glorious strain :

“ Did

Line 28.] Dæmons are wicked, reprobate, and ill-disposed spirits and fallen angels, of the keeping whereof in bottles, a curious account is to be found in the Devil upon Two Sticks, together with sundry love adventures and articles of secret history, very delightful to be read by young persons.

- " Did not your valiant fathers save the land,
 " In spite of Popery's Gallic-Irish band? 30
 " Shall not their sons the meed of glory claim?
 " Shall they not emulate their father's fame?
 " Where mad St. Ruth bestrewed the bloody field,
 " May not a frantic Buonaparte yield?
 " Where coward Rosen, foiled and baffled, fled, 35
 " May not some other monster bow his head?
 " Where Sarsfield's gallant, but mistaken zeal,
 " Was taught Nassau's superior power to feel,
 " May not your swords the traitor crew confound
 " Who at their country aim the mortal wound?" 40

H

But

Line 31.] "Οἱ μὲν γὰρ προύγοντες τῆς Βαρβαρίας ἐνίκησαν."

Lycurg. Orat.

Line 33.] St. Ruth, General Buonaparte, Rosen, and Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, were French commanders—the first of whom was slain at Aughrim, 12th July, 1691. The General is a native of Corsica, but whether related to the fairy of that name, I cannot say, which was imported into Ireland about the year 1770, and shewn to the curious—Field Marshal Rosen besieged Londonderry in 1689, for the French King, and James the II. by driving all the Protestants, men, women, and children under the walls thereof, from the neighbouring counties, from which, by the noble obstinacy of the men of Derry, he was defeated with great disgrace.—The present Earl of Lucan is descended from the latter.

Line 40.] The learned Dr. Drennan hath favoured me herewith, which not understanding, I have added in this place.

" I felicitate

But not such call do PROTESTANTS require,
 Nor does their zeal demand the Spartan lyre,
 Uncalled—unbidden—see them stand arrayed,
 Where the proud ORANGE banner is displayed :
 See them unasked—desire their Sovereign's leave, 45
 The throne, the country, and themselves to save.
 See them, in spite of his prudential court,
 Press boldly forward to their King's support ;
 Spite of the falsehoods, insolence and sneers,
 Of coward commoners and knavish peers ; 50
 Who rather brave, as less within its reach,
 The wrath of Heaven, than Curran's ribald speech.
 Who crouch to wretches whom they most despise,
 And gaze on soaring virtue with surprize ;
 Or, feeling little interest in the soil, 55
 Look strangely cold upon our patriot toil ;

Spite

" I felicitate myself. I congratulate the country—it has elicited from my breast that virtue, which contemptuous Administrations had overlooked.—Exalted above the multitude, I soar undisputed *Ερημωγος* of regenerating Ireland.—Her enfeebled Constitution lies prostrated to my potentiality—the drastic ingredients ferment in the vesicatory membrane of political correspondence—the fistulatory tube of Reform is subtended to the intestinal canal of corruption—the elastic compression of the cork of secrecy needs only the energy of my hand for its retraction—what a revulsion will be excited, what a torrent of foulness and putrefaction will burst forth and overwhelm my regenerated Country."

W. D.

Spite of the daily filth by Drennan spewed,
 Or bold O'Connor in his bravest mood ;
 Spite of the lizard blooded craft, whose wiles
 Are thinly mantled o'er by traitorous smiles ; 60
 Spite of the coward crew—who basely dare
 (Protected in the senate or the bar,
 Or in the hell-polluted Prefs concealed,)
 The poisonous shaft of calumny to wield,

The

Line 38.] I call upon ****, and ****, and ****, ***, to witness
 that my dear friend Arthur is valiant—that his courage is equal, as his poli-
 tics are congenial to my own—Arthur will swear the same for me.—True
 we have been both horse-whipped—*Mais n'importe.*—"A gentleman may
 be a gentleman, though he be obligated to dance a bear."—A man of honour
 may bear a couple of horse-whippings, if it be only to obtain a proper ab-
 horrence of so unmanly a practice.

J. P. C.

Line 59.] The kingdom of Ireland is remarkable of all other countries,
 wherein no venomous animals can be found, of which a large viper lately
 discovered in Dorset street is a remarkable instance, proving the particular
 affection of Providence to Irishmen, by banishing them, together with
 toads, lizards, reptiles, &c. which, nevertheless, they are so insensible of, by
 committing rapes, murders, and shocking outrages, as to make it worse
 than the back settlements of America or Egypt.

Line 63.] The Prefs, a patriotic newspaper so called, printed in Church-
 lane, at the house of Mr. John Stockdale, who liveth in Abbey-street, by
 Mr. Arthur O'Connor, who hath for some time past, resided in the kingdom
 of Great Britain.

And vainly strive on Loyalty to throw, 65
 That infamy which but themselves can know ;
 In spite of furious foes and timid friends,
 To no dismay the patriot ORANGE bends ;
 Forgiving flight, by insolence unawed,
 They love their King, and reverence their God. 70
 Proud of the glory by their fathers gained,
 They burn to leave it to their sons unstained ;
 And firm in loyalty and truth to stand,
 Like them, the saviours of their native land.

Thrice happy Erin, did such spirit glow, 75
 In all thy sons against the frantic foe ;
 Did all stand forward in the common cause,
 To guard their king, their liberties and laws :
 Did they who, in mistaken loyalty,
 Oppos'd a Prince who came to set them
 free, 80

Where

This Newspaper was set up by fundry loyal and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen, for the laudable design of assisting the French in an invasion thereof ; which is performed by noble stories, seditious letters, witty paragraphs and doleful elegies, of which Mr. Peter Finerty now languisheth in Newgate, he having, for the public good, and the benefit of the owners, sworn himself the sole proprietor of said paper.

Line 80.] His late Majesty King William the Third, of glorious and immortal memory. of which see my notes in the former part of this work.

When loyalty and freedom now unite,
 Support a bounteous Sovereign in the fight;
 Did they come forward for the general good,
 And lose dissention in their gratitude.
 Is it religion leagues them with a band,
 Who drove religion from their hapless land?
 Does restless opulence expect to rise,
 By those who deem his wealth their future prize?
 Do they who serve religion's holy shrine,
 Against themselves with Atheists combine?
 Must they the land with kindred slaughter fill,
 Because they are restrained from doing ill?
 Or does blind loyalty to James's race,
 To blinder democratic rage give place?

Do

Line 85.] The Roman Catholic Clergy of Ireland, and the rich merchants of the same persuasion, have of late shewn a meritorious contempt of wealth and superstition, of which their friends the French are remarkably fond, by joining with the same, in order to be relieved from such superfluities in a successful invasion, and establishing a Republic therein, under which this kingdom being deprived of the means of luxury, riches, and intemperance, will be restored to the true simplicity of former times.

Line 87.] Need we remind our opulent agitators of the fate of the Parisian bankers, or refer the infatuated priesthood to the pages of Baruel *, and the massacres of September?—P. R.

* Vide his history of the French clergy.

Do they forget the blessings of a reign, 95
 That link by link has broke their every chain?
 Have they forgot the call of gratitude,
 That should inspire their zeal for GEORGE the
 Good?

Oh, friend to Virtue and by Virtue loved,
 Honoured by Truth, and by thy God approved; 100
 Though these mad times withhold thy praises due,
 Yet future days shall own those praises true;
 Proud of the homage of the good and just,
 Of that pure faith which you defend and trust,
 In all thy glorious life without a foe, 105
 Whom Virtue's self might be aggrieved to know!
 Is there a wretch in morals and in fame,
 Lost to himself, to virtue, and to shame,
 At thee his desperate rancour hurls the dart,
 Dipped in the poison of his putrid heart; 110
 Still does the venom'd shaft from thee recoil;
 Still baffled Vice renews her fruitless toil.

Have

Line 96.] The Roman Catholics of Ireland, of whom several speeches have been made by Mr. Grattan and others, proving that all the benefits obtained by them were useless, unless said Grattan was the giver thereof, he being remarkably fond of giving away what is not his own, and therefore fit for a prime minister, which is different in various countries, being in some called a Vizier, in others a Lord Chancellor, Black Eunuch, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Reis Effendi, &c. for any of which this great patriot is equally qualified.

Have not thy foes throughout a lengthened reign,
 Been only such as Walcot, Wilkes, and Paine?

Atheists who fear the faith thy laws defend, 115
 And only hating thee as Virtue's friend.

Long may thy life remain to Britons dear,
 Long may domestic love thy labours chear;

Long may thy gallant sons thy cause sustain,
 And long thy banners triumph o'er the main; 120

Soon may thy conquered foes thine empire own,
 And crouch for peace to thine offended throne;

Long may thy virtues guard the British state,
 And GEORGE THE GOOD be hailed—as GEORGE

THE GREAT.

And will not Popery's stubborn sons obey, 125
 So good a Sovereign's mild paternal sway?

1a

[Line 114.] Dr. Walcot, a poet, clergyman, and physician, surnamed Peter Pindar, whereby he exhibiteth his multifarious talents to the public; having been degraded from his gown for indecency therein, he was justly enraged at the discreet conduct and temperance of his Majesty, whom he accordingly revileth in sundry obscene, witty, profane and satirical verses, in which he hath ingeniously brought in the facetious histories of Tom a Lothian, Jack Hickathrift, the London Jester, and other classical authors of good reputation.)

Ibid. The notorious Alderman Wilkes.

Ibid. Thomas Paine, a stay-maker, exciseman, and politician, of Thetford, in the county of Norfolk, who hath written many public spirited works for the promotion of blasphemy and murder.

Is it abhorrence of the Brunswick line,
 That bids them with the Gallic fiend combine?
 Does cherished hatred of the British name,
 The cause forgotten, still their souls inflame? 130
 Or does the restless spirit of the time,
 Urge their infatuate folly into crime?

As when we seek an hateful vice to shun,
 Too often to the worse extreme we run;
 So Superstition in her last decay, 135
 To kindred infidelity gives way;
 So does perverted sottish loyalty,
 Into the madness of rebellion fly.

Else why this frenzy? wild, absurd, and strange,
 The good they have, for certain ill to change? 140
 Who does not feel it nobler far to fall,
 His Sovereign's friend—than live the slave of Gaul?
 For honour, truth, and loyalty to die,
 Than live the sport of vulgar tyranny;

To

Line 141.] Gaul is the ancient name of the kingdom of France, the chief city being called Paris. The natives of France are remarkable for being uneasy and restless, for which reason they are in great demand, as dancing masters, linguists, and hair-dressers, and other professions requiring activity and bodily skill; they are much given to cruelty, delighting in murder and other crimes, as appears by the late Revolution, to the disgrace of those concerned. This people is also remarkable for making the wine called claret, also new systems of government, having tried seven thereof within the last nine years.

To fall assertors of a lawful throne, 145
 Than live to crouch to Curran or Le Bon.
 Are you become such mean, degraded things,
 That you must seek the scourge of *felon* kings ?
 Are you so tired of Carleton, Downes and Clare,
 To long for M^cAnally or Barrere ? 150
 Or do our laws, the boast of ancient years,
 Where wisdom in each varied form appears ;
 Whose errors always into mercy turn,
 Against these laws does such resentment burn ?

I

That

Line 145.] The atrocities committed by this monster are too horrible for detail ; his treatment of the brave *O'Hara*, whom the chance of war had thrown into the power of France, was the very weakness of clemency compared to his inhumanities at his native city, *ARRAS*. Born of the vilest parents (a gipsy and a thief) he preserved an accurate recollection, and paid a faithful retribution of every insult to which his youth had been exposed ; —age, beauty, or innocence, were no protection against the rancour of his revenge, the brutality of his appetite, or the wantonness of his power.

P. R.

Line 150.] I. M. Esq. a lame poet, comedian, and counsellor ; he is reckoned a very able lawyer, and hath the peculiar good fortune of speedily concluding his causes ; it is computed that more of his clients are hanged annually than any other lawyer can boast of, which evinceth his great merit and the service he performeth to the state ; he also composeth most doleful comedies and heroic farces for the consolation of his said deceased clients and their surviving relations, which might induce them to laugh were they permitted by decency so to do.

That ye demand, to gratify your spleen, 155
The rapid justice of the Guillotine.

Awake—arise—renounce this idle hate,
Assert your honour, and deserve the state;
Prove to the world, that differing in a creed,
All Erin's sons are in her cause agreed: 160

That bound in Loyalty's fraternal band,
Papist and Protestant will save the land;
Then shall no ruffian democrat defile,
With goary footsteps our fair emerald isle.

See Albion's sons in patriot union bold, 165

A proud example to your eyes unfold;
Behold with honest zeal the Cambrian host,
Rush from their hills to their insulted coast,

Alike all ranks with native ardour burn,
And on the common foe their fury turn. 170

Oh,

Line 156.] The guillotine is an instrument for cutting off the heads of men as a warning for the misconduct to others, and first invented by Dr. Guillotine in France, and called after him, by which his own head was cut off; the same thing having happened in Scotland two hundred years ago by the Earl of Morton, whose head was cut off, he having invented the same for high treason; also in Halifax, in Yorkshire, where the great woollen cloth manufactory is carried on similar to the linen trade in the county of Down Hillsborough, and other places.

Line 167.] " I have a firm persuasion that the French will find themselves disappointed, if they expect to be supported in their expedition by
the

Oh, did such mutual zeal our island grace,
 Though all the dogs of war in angry chace,
 Yelled round our coasts, in vain the fiends would
 roar,
 'Gainst Albion's chalky cliffs and Erin's verdant
 shore.

Yes they will rouse—the dark delusion past, 175
 The dawn of Union seems to break at last ;
 Persuaded or corrected, see them bring,
 Repentant vows to their offended king ;
 See them renounce, deceiving or sincere,
 The devious track of treason's mad career, 180
 And tired of turbulence and outrage bend,
 Before their king, their father, and their friend.
 How pleased, how happy, would the patriot muse,
 See this pure spirit through the land diffuse ;
 Alas, 'tis true ; nor let us fondly dream, 185
 That Popery in all times is still the same,

That

the discontented in this country (England). They have already made a trial ; the event of it should lower their confidence ; the Welsh, of all denominations, rushed upon their Gallic enemies, with the impetuosity of ancient Britons ; they discomfited them in a moment ; they covered them with shame, and led them into captivity."—*Bishop of Llandaff's Address*.

Line 177.] The Roman Catholic declarations of loyalty, 1798.

Line 186.] The Popish inhabitants of Ireland are only at present debarred of the power of making laws to bind their Protestant fellow-subjects—their

'That flushed with health or sinking in the grave,
 She still must be a tyrant or a slave ;
 The smarting culprit will deplore his fault,
 Not that he erred, but that he should be caught ; 190
 And treason sinking under chastisement
 Of her mischance sincerely will repent ;
 But whom can such repentant vows deceive,
 Treason again will plot, and rogues again will
 thief.

Even

fellow-Papists in England are under many more restraints, of which they do not complain—but the outcry here is founded on their numbers—we need not take the trouble of comparing their conduct to us when they had power, with the use *we* have made of power to relieve them of every plausible grievance—it, is only necessary to observe their progress, from supplication to request—from request to demand, from demand to menace—it is only necessary to observe, that their tone has increased with concession, and that, in the same proportion as they have been gratified, they have clamoured.

The following notice posted on the door of St. Werburgh's and other churches in Dublin, on the morning of Sunday Feb. 18, 1798, and read by thousands in this city, will explain much upon this interesting subject.

L I B E R T Y,

Erin go brab !

" You heretic Protestants, take notice, that MASS will commence in this CHURCH by the first of MAY NEXT. YOUR BLOOD shall FLOW, and your souls shall be sent to Hell, to the Devil your grandfather."

Quid facient in sicco, si sic in viridi audeant ?

Lord Moira however will call this a device of Government ; but let the reader compare it with the threats of the PRESS of the night before, and judge for himself.

P. R.

Even in the more than human mind of Burke, 195
 Did not the leaven of rank Popery lurk ?
 Did not the strength of his gigantic hand,
 Unsettle every balance of the land ?
 Raised by his spell, did not a ruthless storm,
 The noon-tide of his Sovereign's reign deform ? 200
 Could all the splendour of his setting sun,
 Shew half the mischief his wild rage had done ?
 He did indeed repent by grief inspired,
 Even in the ashes which himself had fired.

But far from us be that ill-judging hate, 205
 Which in blind bigotry we reprobate :
 To every loyal Irishman in arms,
 My glowing heart with fond affection warms ;
 Nor that affection shall his creed remove,
 A brother foldier claims a brother's love : 210
 Nor should in any rivalry contend,
 Than who shall prove his Sovereign's firmest friend ;
 Whose bosom shall with purest ardour glow,
 Who first shall rush upon th' invading foe ;
 Who shall most proudly prove his loyalty, 215
 And who most happy for his King to die :
 Such be the contest, and may such alone,
 Engage the guardians of my Sovereign's throne.

Yes

Yes, gallant friends, to your unshaken zeal,
 A loyal brother's kindred love I feel : 220
 In one fraternal principle agreed,
 In George's cause to conquer or to bleed :
 To drive domestic treason from the land,
 To meet th' invading Gaul upon the strand,
 And hurl destruction on his ruffian band. 225

Is there dull opulence whose sottish mind,
 Pants for respect which wealth can never find ;
 Or dark malignity, whose rancorous hate,
 Broods o'er the pangs of wounded self conceit ;
 Or hungry learning, " bony, gaunt and grim," 230
 Or mad ambition, or capricious whim ;
 Or desperate bankruptcy, or moody rage,
 Or fell revenge, or crazed and peevish age.
 For treason fitted, the discordant crew
 To no one honest inclination true ; 235
 Combine the rancour of their poisonous hate,
 And urge their common rage against the state ;
 The black committee grows, the dark divan
 Full many a foul and midnight murder plan ;
 With hellish rapture hear the victims cries, 240
 While earnest each his horrid labour plies ;

And

And veiled by treasons diabolic gloom,
 In the black page assigns a brother's doom :
 Raised by their spell appears the Union Star,
 And throws his red portentous beams afar,
 Foreboding murder, misery and war.

245 }

Such are the traitors, such the Popish crew,
 Whom mine indignant anger would pursue ;
 To these our country owes its honour lost,
 For these invasion hovers round our coast,
 Roused by these dæmons into frantic rage,
 Do Erin's children mutual warfare wage ?
 And urged by treason into fury, stain
 With kindred homicide their native plain ;
 Yet even to these will sordid interest bend,
 To treat with these will timid courts descend ;
 Does one more desperate ruffian than the rest,
 Make treason sport and homicide a jest ?

To

Line 241.] Peradventure I can let in a ray of light—a *scintilla* of explanation, upon the obscurity of this passage, dashed, splashed, hashed, crashed double dashed and haberdashed, as it has been by the clumsy pen of a clumsy poetaster. Let not the reader be deceived by the dark oblivion of a brow ; nothing could be farther from my mind than—" the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman—."

W——m F——r.

I have ventured to omit the remainder of this note, which would have more than filled the book ; but I rely for my excuse upon the well known urbanity and gentleness of the learned counsellor.

To him with suppliant voice and soothing strain,
 To treat with him will cautious statesmen deign? 260
 See them entreat for a precarious hour,
 To keep in quiet their unstable power;
 See them in paltry policy bestow,
 Their dearest favours on their loudest foe.
 Does Egan bellow—does M'Kenna write, 265
 And teach the land to clamour or *unite*?
 The crouching minister to save his place,
 With chair or pension soothes him into peace;
 While wrapt in stupid cunning, falsely wise,
 This obvious inference escapes his eyes,
 That the same bribe which buys that dubious peace,
 Holds new temptation to the clamorous race.
 So on a time, ('tis Æsop tells the tale,
 And Æsop's truths are seldom known to fail,)
 Torn by an angry cur, a rustic wight 275
 With bleeding leg, in sad distressful plight,
 Sought for relief, when some old doating sage,
 To soothe the wounded members acrid rage;
 Bade him with bread absorb the streaming blood,
 And give the cur the medicated food. 280
 The man believed him, 'till some wiser knave,
 This solid warning to the patient gave:
 "Reward offences thus unthinking clown,
 And you'll be bit by all the curs in town."

Nor can such paltry policy succeed, 285
 That gives to clamour the true patriot's meed.
 To mean submission ministers may bend,
 The rancorous foe can ne'er become a friend.
 Sooner shall Mendax to Munchausen yield,
 The brazen honours of the lying field : 290
 Sooner shall Smith give one implicit vote,
 Or Hector Graham buy himself a coat.
 Sooner the Press shall deviate into truth,
 Clanwilliam shall recall his wasted youth,
 Aldbro' write grammar, Pelham learn to lye, 295
 Or Kirwan preach without vulgarity ;
 Then shall each instance of extorted bribe,
 Allay the clamour of the brawling tribe.

But does our cause such policy demand,
 Must we be bribed to save our native land ? 300
 Is not the glorious wreath of patriot fame,
 Sufficient prize our ardour to enflame ?

K.

Must

Line 289.] The vigour and fertility of imagination manifested in the speech of Lord Moira in the British House of Peers, have, I think, been over-rated. In my researches into the history of this noble family—I have found an indisputable document of its hereditary veracity—it is an extract from a speech of the late Earl (who was invidiously styled Baron Munchausen) in the House of Lords of Ireland, about the year 1769—it is preserved

Must we be bribed to combat for our wives,
 Our children, parents, properties and lives?
 No! we anticipate the glorious call,
 We burn to rush upon th' invading Gaul.

Foot

in a collection of the papers of that day, the reference to which I have added :
 —“ I can testify the *truth* of all he has asserted ; at the time of the insurrec-
 “ tion in the North, I had frequent and intimate conversations with that ce-
 “ lebrated inchanter Moll Coggin. I have often seen her riding on a black
 “ ram with a blue tail—once I endeavoured to fire at her, but my gun
 “ melted in my hand to a clear jelly—this jelly I tasted, and if it had been
 “ a little more acid, it would have been most excellent. Noble Lords may
 “ laugh, but I declare the fact upon my *veracity*, which has never been
 “ doubted. Once I pursued this fiend into my ale cellar—she rode instantly
 “ out of my sight into the bung hole of a beer barrel ; she was at that time
 “ mounted on her black ram with the blue tail ; some time after, my servants
 “ were much surprised to find their ale full of blue hairs—I was not surprised,
 “ as I knew the blue hairs were the hairs of the ram's blue tail.—Noble
 “ Lords may stare but the fact is as I relate it.”

V. Batchelor, V. I. p. 164. No. 24.

Who after this will hesitate in pronouncing of the younger Earl with me
 almost the words of a sublime poet—

“ None but *his fire* can be his parallel.”

P. R.

Foot to his foot, and face to face to stand,
 And hurl his bloody banner from the land,
 With his foul gore to stain the blushing wave,
 And give his thousands to their wat'ry grave. 310

Hear it and tremble France, and friends to France,
 Twice sixty thousand Irish Protestants,
 For pure religion and proud loyalty,
 Boldly resolve to conquer or to die ;
 Hear it, ye regicides, and feel dismay, 315 }
 O'er all the land extends the firm array,
 The land exulting smiles and owns their patriot }
 fway.

Shall

Line 307.] *Kal pōda wōle wōd' d'is, kal ēw' āswidos aspīd' ēpīsas.*

Tyrtæus, Eleg. 3.

This whole elegy is so eminently beautiful, that the following attempt at a free translation may not be unacceptable.

The third Elegy of TYRTÆUS,
 addressed to the loyal
 PROTESTANTS OF IRELAND.

I.

Yes ! from the heroes of the Boyne ye spring,
 Be firm ! for Heaven still smiles upon your cause
 Fear not the rabble crew—defend your King,
 Stand boldly forward for your faith and laws.

II.

Well did your fires sustain the sanguined field,
 Well did their virtue stem the battle's rage,
 Shall not their sons to make rebellion yield,
 Advance with courage and with skill engage ?

Shall not the muse record his honoured name,
 Whose spirit first aroused this glorious flame?
 Can

III.

Few, very few, who foremost in the throng,
 Mix hand to hand, and seek the furious foe,
 Whom the full tide of honour bears along,
 Whose ardent minds with patriot valour glow,

IV.

Few of those gallant souls in battle fall,
 Whose deeds intrepid oft a nation save;
 While dastard minds who heed not honour's call,
 In coward flight run headlong to the grave.

V.

But oh! what words can tell the dire disgrace,
 The foul opprobrium, of a *Craven's* name,
 Whose servile back inglorious wounds debase,
 Whom fear erases from the roll of fame.

VI.

Yes! gallant Protestants, unshaken stand!
 Strain every muscle, brace your every nerve,
 Root your firm footing in your native land,
 And never—never—from your duty swerve.

VII.

Each in his hand his tempered blade sustain,
 Each on his helm exalt the nodding plume,
 Each seek for honour in the paths of pain,
 Nor shun the glory of a soldier's tomb.

VIII.

But boldly brandishing the fatal steel,
 Set foot to foot, and face to face engage,
 Let the fierce Gaul your power superior feel,
 And bow his banner to your loyal rage.

Can she forget that 'midst an host of foes, 320
 From VERNER's care this patriot band arose?
 Can she forget the man whose honest toil,
 Called forth the champions of her native soil?
 That when the Puritan and Popish band,
 With kindred malice tore the bleeding land; 325
 When treason roamed around the northern plain,
 And desolation marked her dreary reign;
 When urged to follow Popery's fell career,
 O'er laboured murder panted in the rear;
 From VERNER's spirit an example rose, 330
 This patriot band to crush their frantic foes,
 That as they rose did raging discord cease,
 And Ulster smile again in harmony and peace;

Yes fleeting ministers may pass away,
 And leave no trace—the meteors of a day. 335
 Even Camden may be known beyond this hour,
 Only for thwarted zeal and trammelled power,
 Wolfe's gloomy wisdom, Parnel's lumbering sense,
 And Ponsonby's malignant eloquence;

Inveterate

Line 338.] If any man shall presume to imagine that it is the littleness of my own vanity, the petty ambition of a paltry fame, or a weak imagination of my own consequence, which actuates the feeling of my mind, when in the discharge of an high official duty, I here lay my finger on this name; either I am unfit to perform that duty, or he does most grossly mistake the purity of my conscience.

Arthur W. Alf.

Inveterate Knox, and his emetic face, 340
 And mewling Tighe, and Grattan's manly grace ;
 Fitzgerald's chattering, and O'Donnell's din,
 And crabbed Crookshank's everlasting grin ;
 All into dark forgetfulness may fade,
 Nor leave behind the shadow of a shade, 345
 While VERNER's honest name remains engraved,
 In the proud record of a nation saved ;

She will be saved ! in patriot virtue bold,
 Her sons will emulate their fires of old ;
 Shall not new heroes start in every name, 350
 That guards with reverence its paternal fame ;
 Shall not an Offory in Ormond rise,
 His King to serve and danger to despise ;

Does

Line 342.] I protest and vow—I protest and vow—I protest and vow, I don't know, who this can mean—who this can mean—who this can mean, &c. &c. *Da capo.*

J——s F——d.

Line 352.] This gallant young nobleman, the glory of the house of Butler, the pride of Kilkenny, is one of my dear and particular friends ; I honour his spirit, I adore his rank, I revere his castle of Kilkenny ; I have a cottage myself at Cabragh, and, as the reader, is probably one of my two hundred and thirty-three thousand dear intimate and particular friends, I beg, indeed whether he is or not, I beg he will give me a day at Cabragh—any time between this and the Greek calends ; I beg you will not forget, my dear good fellow—do not forget.

J——n T——r.

Does not the zeal that fired the breast of Cole,
 As purely glow in Enniskillen's soul ; 355
 Fearless of difficulty, proud of toil,
 May not another Broghill rise in Boyle ;
 Can wayward Bellamont forget the field,
 Where gallant Coote beheld O'Connor yield ;
 May not a Falkland rise in Castlereagh, 360
 As wise, as loyal, and as brave as he.

Shall not new Bakers rise as yet unknown,
 And other Ginkles conquer in Athlone ;
 Shall not new Murrays, Walkers, Moores be found,
 The force of France and Popery to confound ? 365

Yes, they will rise, unconquerably brave,
 The fields their fathers won, again to save.
 The frantic Gaul, and treason's desperate band,
 To hurl indignant from their native land ;
 Sedition shall no more our plains defile, 370 }
 Plenty once more throughout the land shall smile, }
 And Peace again rejoice our emerald isle.

END OF CANTO III.

355
 360
 May not a Highland line in Callistaigh,
 Whose vallant Gaird behead O'Connor yield;
 Can wayward Balamont forget the field,
 May not another Throgmole die in Boyle;
 Beasts of blood, proud of toil,
 As proudly glow in Toulmash's fold;
 Does not the west line the breast of Cole?

Shall not new Bakers rise as yet unknown,
 And other Ginkles conquer in Athlone;
 Shall not new Murays, Walkers, Moores be found,
 The race of France and Popery to confound?

Yes, they will rise, undauntedly brave,
 The fields their fathers won, again to save.
 The French Gaul, and western's desperate band,
 To hush indignant from their native land;
 Sedition shall no more our plains desile,
 Plenty once more throughout the land shall smile,
 And Peace again throughout the isle.

THE END OF CANTO III.